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[From the Philadelphia Gazette.]

CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. VIII.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the wavy breast beneath me as a steed
That knows his master. Welcome to thee now!
Childe Harold.

THE FLY-BARQUE.

"Oh! there's the man-of-war waiters
Along the shore are."
Old Song.

"Black as a wolf's mouth," growled Brion, as he tumbled up the gang-way to relieve the watch, "By all that's good I could see it fathom before me."

"Ay, Mr. Brion, that it is nothing to what I've seen off the Irish shore, perhaps just before a storm, when the fog's been so thick that I could almost slice a pipe out with my jackknife, and that too, for a matter of sixteen hours or so. Then 's the night for watches, especially where there's a sprinkle of hail or snow, shaving every rope nigh us, and making one shiver up the monkey-jacket like a bolter that's fall overboard. I've heard it was in such a night, that the Wheel'y-pull-'em—Something with his whole crew was frozen to death, and not seen again for a hundred years, when they found 'em somewhere by the North Cape, standing every man at his post, stark and cold, just as death left 'em, though every lump of lumber had rotted away in a thousand seasons," and so he finished the old quarter-master spitted a stream of tobacco juice over the schooner's side, and turning his eye to windward took a knowing look at the horizon.

It was a calm, still, hazy night, and the sky above was shrouded in a thin watery veil, through which a military moon, far down to leeward, flicked and with a wavering unsteady light. The wind, scarcely more than a zephyr, was with difficulty perceptible, and as we moved sluggishly along, hoisting slowly on the long swell, it seemed as if some invisible power propelled us forward. The dingy light around only sufficient to reveal the silent deck, the heavy sails above, and the dark, unbending sea that rose slowly beneath the quarter. So thick was the mist that you could not have detected a well aimed musket upon one; and the lanthorn of the lone quarter-deck sentinel looked, with a sickly hale through the gloom. But a sound was heard amid the hoarse murmur of the night, the measured tramp of the one spirited sentinel. The dampness was strongly charged, perhaps, with the quartermaster's tobacco, and the old tar, as he paced to and fro, muttered a few words of his own, as he passed the quarter-deck, and the sentinel, hearing the sound, turned and faced the quarter-deck.

"Hark! ye, Brion, that is nothing to what I've seen off the Irish shore, perhaps just before a storm, when the fog's been so thick that I could almost slice a pipe out with my jackknife, and that too, for a matter of sixteen hours or so. Then 's the night for watches, especially where there's a sprinkle of hail or snow, shaving every rope nigh us, and making one shiver up the monkey-jacket like a bolter that's fall overboard. I've heard it was in such a night, that the Wheel'y-pull-'em—Something with his whole crew was frozen to death, and not seen again for a hundred years, when they found 'em somewhere by the North Cape, standing every man at his post, stark and cold, just as death left 'em, though every lump of lumber had rotted away in a thousand seasons," and so he finished the old quarter-master spitted a stream of tobacco juice over the schooner's side, and turning his eye to windward took a knowing look at the horizon.

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"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the sentinel, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the same voice cavilarily.

Astonished at the laconism of the fellow, I hesitated a moment to fulfil my threat, but while I was yet waiting a low mournful laugh, rose from the strange vessel, and floated slowly past on the breeze. Irritated now beyond all measure, I gave the order to fire, and when the commotion had partially dissipated the fog, discovered our opponent apparently unscathed, leisurely starting along on the same tack with ourselves as if he either disdained or was impervious to our shot. What made it more remarkable was that the dash of the schooner seemed wholly deserted, not a living being beside the man at the helm, being perceptible on board the mysterious craft.

"Cast hear the long gun," I shouted, indignant at the heartless security of the stranger, "bring down his cockscull by the run."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Have you traded her right?"

"This 'll do," answered the gunner.

"Then fire!"

The vivid flash leaped from the old piece, the report cracked sharply upon the still night air, and the white smoke, for a moment obscuring our vision, heaved, undulated, broke away, and floated slowly in white wreaths across the dark to leeward. We looked for the stranger—but she was gone! It had been but a minute we had lost sight of her, and yet she had vanished so completely as if she had been a thing of air. I rubbed my eyes as if awaking from a dream,—I looked again to windward and then at my companions,—but there was no deception. The schooner was invisible. The men gazed at each other with blank and bewildered faces, and the old gunner tapped his firearm pensively with his match-rope. It could be no spectral delusion; for had not our ball been conveyed home by?—and besides we had but a minute before been palpably close abeard of the stranger.

"She must be somewhere up yonder in that fog," I exclaimed, "darkened the hatches every thing ready, gunner—keep a sharp look-out all hands."

"Ay, ay, sir" answered the man, crowding to their stations.

But though for the next ten minutes the keenest vigilance was maintained by our wildered crew, not a sound was heard breaking the deep hush of the midnight. Occasionally a louder dash of the ripples under our bow would momentarily deceive the ear,—but in another second it would be still except the tremulous splashing of the waters. Once too, I fancied I heard a sound like the creaking of rigging, but as it came then beyond I paid it little attention. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and all was as hushed as ever. A deep, boundless, unbroken silence hung over hushed and wondering every moment, more mysterious and intense. Four bells at last struck, ringing out sharply upon the stillness, with a strange, and almost startling effect,—and giving up all hope for the present of discovering the stranger, I resumed myself with doubling the hatch-cats, and to my watch had long been up, I retired to my welcome hammock. Not to the rest. Ever awake to superstitious fancies, the slightest disappearance of the schooner had evoked all the curiosity by which they are so constitutionally, and though at first confining themselves to hints they soon grew more emboldened and ventured to utter openly that we had hailed a vessel of another world. Its sudden appearance—the military talisman,—its wild, unearthly laugh,—the harmlessness of our shot,—and the mysterious disappearance of the stranger, were all adduced as so many proofs that our late opponent was not of human mould. As their imaginations became heated, they gathered in a dense group,—legend after legend was told in whispers to a breathless auditory,—and the wild superstitions of the sea were contended for in hushed tones, with all the additional power which the silence of midnight gives to such traditions.

It was shortly day-break when I was roused out of deck, with the determination to sweep the horizon for our late visitor. The fog still hung in thick masses on the surface of the water, but it had settled down so completely to be seen the upper half of the mast-head was in view. The sky was rapidly clearing, light feathery clouds scudded across it,—and the sun, rushing until then, was slowly falling before the morning light. Directly one by one they went out, the morning star shone glimmering brightly in the east—and at last even it faded, vanished, or appeared and was lost in the approaching day. I had just taken my eyes from watching the disappearance of that beautiful planet, when I heard in the distant horizon, the delicate mutiny of a seaman's tongue, unusually poised in malice. The first time of the rigging; the beautiful color of her upper sails; the exquisite symmetry of the hull, dark hull, defined against the dusky colors of day, combined to form a picture that might have graced fairy-land itself. She's coming out of the dark, thought, with a half smile half laughing at my boyish fancies, and yet, enough to say, she was unusually stately, as if by magic, she's suddenly equal to our own. I had caught a momentary glimpse of the stranger of the previous night, and didn't believe there was much before me. There was no mistaking that elegant rig, and the graceful backward sweep of the long, resistless mast. As she came along amid the dimness of the uncertain twilight, it seemed as if the hues of nature were not so definite and she lifted her way over through heaven.

"There's many in that ship such there to-morrow," said an old tar, eyeing the mysterious sail intently, as he continued the conversation with a mysterious nodding one-third of my position, "let me the best night's crack only, but our shipping her sway here now, but in her making headway without a pull being felt,—if yes, that makes me suspicious, and I'd not the death to be taken by the skipper."

"Ay, you're half right there, Bill," answered the other, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "and I guess it's nothing to her disliker she has wind or calm—I wonder if there's a mate aboard of her besides that lubberkin," said he, surveyed a moment in the past for a matter of a dozen left times at least."

"Silence there," thundered Captain Drew, at this moment making his appearance on deck, and first turning to our unbidden, taking the glass, "I think we've at last caught sight of the one we are hunting for—what think you?"

"If we may judge by the ease with which she slipt out of our hands last night, this is the very craft."

"Ay,—my—and we'll overhaul her before noon if this heaven holds here?"

"She ought to sail though," I incoherently ejaculated, dwelling with a sailor's admiration upon the exquisite symmetry of every thing about her.

"That's true—but we do so," answered my superior coolly, "so, I pass not it, however—backwards, pipe all hands to make sail—we can scare the tarpaulin and let the other job be signal."

The words had scarcely left his mouth, and our crew were just springing to their stations, when, as if supernaturally, and without visible mortal aid, the canvas canvas of the stranger slowly unfolded, and almost at the same time that our own topsails were shaved home, we behold there of the mysterious schooner distended to the breeze. It could not have been years ago, not had she been our shadow.

"Thus follows fast the foeman," said the captain, "an wonder half the sailors believe the vessel by the agency of the devil."

The brown though light gave us sufficient hardiness to be enabled in the course of half an hour to make out the chase to be a top-sail schooner, measuring two carronades upon a side, but although at first we had gained upon her enough to discover this, subsequent events proved to prove that it was only to tantalize us. Indeed, after the first hour, during which the stranger had been on every tack, it was evident that she only waited her own time to leave us. I never saw such a sailer. Fast as we were somewhere, the chase laughed at our efforts. She had only to go upon the same tack with ourselves to be twice as with ours, and she would in a few hours have been out of sight, had she not allowed us to regain our tardiness by her own carelessness. It seemed as if her sails were so hung out of shape of our guns, scattered of her jaunty security as long as she could keep her rigging unimpaired. For were her decks been dressed then they were the night before,—the sere the balmy ones, and now and then a military fish-cat, who appeared and disappeared as if by magic, not a soul appeared to inhabit the mysterious vessel. Not the less singular part of it was the rapidity and ease with which every stratagem was performed by invisible hands, rivalling in their coolness the evolutions of the most practised crews in our navy. Still the determination of Captain Drew wavered not, but he continued the pursuit resolutely, trusting to a change of wind, or some other of the hundred favorable accidents which to other it was turn the scales of victory. It was now his to the afternoon, and still the chase maintained the same position on our quarter which she had held in the morning. The sun at last sink blood-red into the western ocean,—the air came damp and chilly across the darkening waters,—twilight gathered slowly down upon us, wrapping sea and sky in its dusky mantle,—and a few stars glimmering on the eastern horizon, threw a faint, dreary, flickering light athwart the deep. The chase was still visible in her old position,—her lofty sail, and long, dark hull formed strange and gigantic in the shadowy twilight. With the approach of night the heavens shed away,—our sails hung flapping against the mast,—and after a few momentary revivals, followed by an almost industrious exertion, it fell at last a dead calm. Before six bells we were lying rolling on the swell, with our gaudiest hanging motionless from the mast, and the flame of the binnacle lamp stretching straight up into the sky. The strange schooner was still on the weather quarter, but every rig of her canvas had been taken in, and her topsail mast could just be seen through the uncertain twilight hiding and falling against the sky.

"Oh! for an hour's view from the mast-head," said Captain Drew. "If we could only carry the brown down with us we should have our revenge out of that insolent fellow."

"I see little signs of it," said I, "we may wait here for a breeze till morning, and meanwhile our friend pacted by the aid of his sweeps, may have employment of night."

"We must use the boats then—what say you?"

"By all means—it will be attended with a greater loss of life, but that schooner should be taken, in my opinion, at whatever cost. No craft, except the notorious Fire-Fly, could have evaded us all day as she has done."

"You are right—buccaneer, pipe away the boat's crews there—let every man be fully armed—no volunteers."

"Ay, ay, sir!" resounded through the ship, as the gallant fellows came hurrying to their quarters.

"Mr. Sandbeck I shall give you the leading boat," he whispered as we were about to start,—"and once any parting injunction to effect your purpose at as little expense of life as possible. Keep your men cool, and do n't get heated."

The twilight scarcely enabled us to perceive the object of our chase when we left the ship; and it was some minutes before we could make out distinctly her distance from us the bottom. Before long, however, the darkness settled down on the water, and losing sight altogether of the chase, we continued our course in silence. As our oars were muffled, not a sound broke the stillness. Noiselessly, unerringly, sweeping rapidly, and then for a minute, my eye ranged to their tale, and we glided along the surface of the death-like sea as if passed by enchantment. The other boats, though then upon our quarter, could scarcely be perceived through the gloom. At times, however, the morning sounds so unmistakable, and yet so often heard in the twilight of sea, would rise and die away upon the ear with a wild, unearthly power, filling the mind with vague intuitions of chaos nearly akin to supersition. Upon the subject of the mind they had no little influence. The strange disappearance of the chase the night before,—the liberal application of the morning,—and the mysterious appearance of the stranger, she seemed gracefully away with a velocity that was unmatched our own. No alarm was given, no orders were heard, no hurrying of feet broke startingly upon the death-like silence,—but silently, as if endowed with life, the dark hull glided mysteriously away beneath its pyramid of snowy canvas. The man stepped rowing lowlustrily. Murmurs were heard from almost every hand. I looked around with a half frown. The man at the stroke oar, an especial favorite of mine, at that moment bolshoes to unmoor.

"We'll pull away again, Mr. Dunbeck, if you say so! for in all our whether we go to Davy Jones' locker to-night or a week or two hence, seeing as we should die in for the old flag and under orders,——but we're unanimous that yonder's no natural craft, and that we may chase it till the day of judgment and never be a stroke nighter as it then we are now."

I saw at once that the superstitious fears of the men were thoroughly aroused; but believing that the schooner was swinging away at the rate of five knots an hour, and pursuit would be worse than useless, I therefore gave a refusal order to return to the Hornet, now nearly discernable, far down behind us, lying in the very wake of the moon, every stitch of canvas glittering like molten silver in her light.

The men could never be persuaded that the verses sung by the strange voice had been long known to me, and that the escape of the schooner had been owing to the miraculous boom springing up at the very last moment. They admitted the fact indeed, but hinted it was produced by persons they would not name. It came needless to the general belief that the mysterious craft was after all an airy barque. Who after this can hesitate concerning for the legends of the sea?

I soon saw they had been spoiled by Sophia. After sundry visits, and much shopping in various parts of the city, our sleigh drew up before a fashionable confectioner's. We entered, and to my surprise, Sophia ordered confectionary to a great amount. When we had re-entered the sleigh, I said—

"What are you going to do with such a quantity of dulces?"

"I dare say you are surprised," she replied, "after all the nonsense Edward said, the other evening, about economy, and such vulgar things. I soon talked him out of it, and gained his consent to give a large party; for I can do any thing with the dear good soul."

I was so struck with Sophia's weakness, that I could not speak cordially to her for some time. How could she thus abuse the power she possessed, and make use of the very love her husband bears her, to induce him to conduct which his judgement condemns? She saw I disapproved of her proceedings, and we rode on in silence.

"One more shop, Cousin Fleetin," she said, "and then I will drive you home, as you seem so fatigued." I declined entering, as I did not wish to countenance her extravagance; but she said she should be very long, as she wished to select an evening dress, and my aid being rather an opinion, I entered the shop. I examined myself near the store, while Sophia advanced to a counter, where she was soon surrounded by a host of clerks. One of them came to the store, and stood meeting a pen. I was unobserved. A second rat up to him, whispering—

"That is the rich Mrs. Cotton; be sure you put an extra shilling on every yard; she will buy it the sooner, as the dotards always things."

"But do you not know her husband has failed? Beware how you treat her."

"Oh, that makes little difference—the ladies seem to expect the same as ever."

Sophia flew like a butterfly from flower to flower, as they lay spread over the counters. "Look at this magnificent silk, Mrs. Cotton," said one clerk, holding it up in every imaginable light—"look at the lovely shade!—the texture!—it would make a splendid evening dress!" After looking at all the silks and velvets, Sophia bought a rich silk, rivalling the brocades of old, and passed on to the laces. Here, after long hesitation between silver and gold, she at last purchased lace sufficient for flounces and trimming for her dress—broad blonde embroidered with golden flowers—a French palatine for fifty dollars, seemed to complete her purchases. She was not, however, let off this. Sundry articles, highly recommended by the gentlemen of the shop, were bought 'just to be in the fashion.' A sea-green, however, she purchased first necessity, as the model bonnet which she wore could not define her eyes from the brilliant hues, which, even in winter, is very enraging to the fair. I at length prevailed upon her to leave the shop, and we drove to Mr. Manly's where I had been long anxious to call. We opened the parlor door, and to our surprise, perceived a long range of tables placed across both rooms, passing through the folding doors, loaded with glass, silver, and china.

"Shop day?" exclaimed Sophia; "are you going to have a dinner-party?"

"Oh no!" said Cornelia, advancing smilingly toward us, "we are to have an auction." Surprise and concern kept us silent. "I suppose you have heard of the unfortunate termination of my father's business," she continued, "and we are now selling off every thing in order to pay his debts, and live in a manner more befitting our circumstances?"

Sophia gazed glassily around, and I saw the idea crossed her, that such might soon be her fate. Mrs. Manly, who had been engaged with the auctioneer, now joined us, and, at her invitation, we followed her across the hall to a small library. Here we were welcomed by Ella, Mr. Manly's youngest daughter, who was busily engaged shading plate.

"Now do tell me what this is all about?" said Sophia, throwing herself, with an air of vexation, in a chair, near the fire around which we had all seated ourselves.

"Surely, you have heard my husband has become a bankrupt," said Mrs. Manly, in a gentle, low-toned manner.

"Yes, and that you were all in your house and—but—why the furniture?"

"Simply because Mr. Manly is in debt, and we hope, by the sale of house, plate, horses, carriages and furniture, he will be enabled to pay all his debts."

"What are you to do when you have sold all?" asked Sophia, in a querulous tone; "beg, I suppose."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Ella, "we have charming prospects for the future."

"Dear girls!" said their mother, wiping a tear from her eye, "they have acted nobly, and have extracted almost all the interest from their father's troubles. We have had our glowing hours, and the trial was more severe to poor Manly when he thought of his delicately nurtured girls; we hoped, however, he's all to the will of God, who has promised never to leave or forsake those who rely upon him for support. Our friends have all been very kind," she continued, cheerfully; "they have offered us houses and money in abundance. We have, however, only accepted the loan of a small but convenient house, belonging to my brother, to which we shall remove soon, and, until Mr. Manly shall again obtain some business, we shall support ourselves by keeping school."

"Keeping school! what, you, Cornelia, and you, Ella, so delicately reared, to be pelted with insults!" Sophia burst into tears at the idea.

"Why should we be exempted from life's cares," said Cornelia, "when so many are suffering for bread, and for a roof to cover them? That we have hitherto lived a life of luxury and pleasure, is rather an argument for resigning them. We have had our share of events, and now must not shrink from the future."

"I think you might have reserved something to live on," said Sophia. "You father's creditors are very grasping."

"You do them injustice, they have expressed themselves as pleased by father's exertions to pay them, that they have offered that indulgence, and hundred upon his honour, the Sabbath. We shall use need such elegant articles, but if, after the necessary to retain enough of the plate inside of the sale, to furnish our new house decently. Until the eldest sublime, or father must thing to do, we shall maintain ourselves by needle-work. Will you partake of, ladies?" asked Cornelia, smiling.

"How can you talk so, Cornelia?" exclaimed Sophia, pettishly. "You cannot think it?"

"Certainly, we do, dear Sophia, and we are thankful we have hands and strength to endure our future efforts. Burning is not more to us, our keeping school, as we have always taught a class of Sunday scholars."

"You are strange people!" exclaimed Sophia, "for my part, I should die under such a fate. Tell me, how is it you are thus enabled not only to endure affliction, but to meet it thus cheerfully?"

"Sophia!" said Mrs. Manly, taking her hand, and gazing solemnly and tenderly in her face, "it is religion alone, which can lighten misfortunes! Oh, how much of the best, and most efficient wisdom is lost to those, who have not religion! to steer them through the breakers of life! To pay the sting of death, to deliver every, with not a fear you, as fire thick, of their death-bed, but if you only knew how much of the sting and bitterness of those earthly ends which we all are daily experiencing in common mortality by religion, you would have all to obtain the precious talisman. I do not advise you to laugh and heave misfortune, with a stoic's scorn; that were not in Christian's course, for affliction, we know, is sent us, by our Father, for a wise purpose, and we should not render ourselves insensible to it, but let us not complain of 'chance or change' to our destiny, for it is the fate of all around, and must be ours. Believe, my dear Sophia, it is not the best wisdom to cling too heavily to a world which is moving away from under us; if we have an easy chair, what was it ever?"

"I know it is not best to love the world too much," said Sophia, wiping her eyes, "but then one must be comfortable. It is very well to talk about it easily, before hand, but when one comes to live in a small, inconvenient house, furnished with common carpets, and no carriage—and poor dinner—and no servants—bad, of course, no visitors—oh dear! my very soul shudders at the picture! much do I fear I shall one day be forced to bear it all." "For my part," said Cornelia, "I can—

"See all these days of old depart,"

without a sigh, for I feel they were growing around my heart. I was boiling, too well, the elegance and luxuries with which I was surrounded; these beautiful, but idle wands of life would cease, I fear, have impeded the growth of better plants; they were taken from me by a kind father, who was my danger, and I bless the hand which plucked me from the precipice!"

The face of Sophia glowed with hot emotion, as if the hectic tinted which she wished her eyes, was shining down upon her.

Sophia gazed at the young Christian with a troubled and wondering look; she was perplexed with all she had heard; and a new world seemed opened upon her—glimpses of better things stirred in her breast—of a spiritual life, opposed to her own worldly one, and she could not hesitate which of the two were the better choice. A deep sigh, and a mournful shake of the head, showed she feared it a hopeless thing for her to obtain that exalted state of mind, which elevated the children of men to a communion with their unseen God.

"Dear me!" exclaimed young Ella, who had pursued her work in silence, "what need is there for all this philosophy and fortitude? What have we but? a little money? Shall we give the dim 'yellow chere,' when we have life and health, and love?" She threw her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her fervently. "While I have mamma, and father, and sister, and hope of salvation, and my dear Sunday scholars around me," she continued, with animation, "what care I 1 2 3 five pounds and half-a-dollar?"

"Ah, Ella, you are young, yet!" said Sophia, but the good spirit our place friends which a look which spoke her admiration, and envy of their quiet enthusiasm of the calm of their lot, and drew reflection upon their fortitude—for no rude hand together, Sophia remained and and exhibited.

"These Manlys are inexplicable people to me," she said. "I wish I had their fortitude and endurance. Listening to them, but almost induced me to permit Charles to sell all, and live here temporarily, until business revives, and his difficulties are over; but then, again, I could not support a life of privation as the Manlys could. I am so very delicate I should sink under it—and so very refined, that my soul revolts at the idea of appearing up in a small house, with dress-maid, or page and house for dinner—disgusting!"

Oh, dear! why will not people reflect! If Sophia would not then crush down her better nature—if she would reflect a moment, she would see the Manlys, in all their poverty, are a thousand times more happy, and more respectable, than during their day, than she can ever be while living in splendor which she is constantly the dress and dancers, and caught in vanity. Every one acknowledges happiness does not lie in silver and gold, and yet they cling to it, they frame their souls to it, as if their silver and gold were of power control than that of other people, and they might sturdy trust in in the fabric. Will they not heed the lesson of sages? Will they not listen to the dying testimony of Crœsus, that millionaire of old? No; these things were not written for their edification—they pass, they cease to their neighbors. As Cornelia called upon Sabbath, Hamlet the Wise—one of Sodom. "Oh, Sabbath! Sabbath! would the world study the superior gaze deeply, they would not so eagerly 'join hands to heaven,' and 'gather silver and gold,' and surround themselves with 'new-dragons and worm-dragons,' and all the delights of the 'ye of man.' They would count the estimate of these things as true, and with them, would join in wisdom's chorus—

"And all is but vanity!"

Good bye, cousin—or rather, cousin, for I have sent you quite a homily. E. R. S.

Current Reflections. As that great counterfeit, but most profound scholar, the Rev. Dr. Barnes, of Trinity College, Dublin, was the day walking in the parson's garden, two students, who were looking out of an adjoining window, observed a mirror, as, catching obliquely the rays of the sun, it made them fall directly on the face of his reverence; who, in the offended dignity, instantly proceeded to the apartments of the transgressors, and in his customary and peculiar manner said—"Pretty sport indeed, gentlemen! Remember, sirs, I shall report you both to the Dean, and have you fined for taking reflections on and of the heads of the college."

LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XVI.

[Extract from Mademoiselle Cadoret, or Death, the Friend of the Bride.]

[illegible]

At length the 11th of December, 1792, was the day fixed for the trial of Louis the Sixteenth, and he was conducted from the Temple to the National Convention by six hundred picked men, who surrounded the carriage which contained the monarch, three pieces of cannon preceding, and three following the vehicle; the drummers and gun guards were composed of troops of cavalry, an immense concourse of persons lining the road (spectators); but Madame Tussaud observes, that they did so, without evincing any symptoms of sympathy or otherwise; a very few shouts were heard, and all passed on slowly, having an air of solemnity which seemed to awe the spectators.

Mean time, in the assembly, there was much debating as to the manner in which the king should be conducted. Legislator proposed to take him by a chosen file that of the guard; while Marat suggested that they should dismount the question on the order of the day; but they should not seem to be hardly complied with the demand. Then, then, did that numerous assembly feel some embarrassment in instructing one man, then did that individual in appointing fifteen the members who were preparing to receive him; and when he arrived, rank, was the dignity of his appearance, that even the most desperate among them were forcibly struck with the firmness and self-possession which he displayed. His replies were clear and direct, when the best counsel, one by trying the slightest hesitation, and he was so mildly free from agitation that he pursuit of some refreshment which was provided for him in an antechamber with the utmost temperance.

After many arguments on the subject the assembly decided, that Louis should be allowed counsel, and a deputation was sent to him to request him to chit office. He hesitated and Tronchet, and in case of failure with him, Tronchet. The latter accepted, but the former declined, stating that he had resided in Paris for the last seven years; but as compensation for this disappointment, Malesherbes appeared; the which generous and courageous let his name resist desired with eternal honor to posterity. The meeting between him and his royal master was most affecting. The latter, however, observed with such proof of fidelity and devotion, in his behalf, [illegible] opening forward to receive him; but, overwhelmed with emotion, he fell at the feet of the king, who raised his venerable and prostrate friend, and they remained for some time clasped in each other's arms, and then immediately proceeded to the grand work of the defence, which many other persons offered to undertake for Louis, but he knew that he could not place it in safer hands than in those of Malesherbes. Five persons were granted by the convention to the Temple, that the king and his counsel might conveniently consider together. Although Malesherbes proved to be one of the most devoted adherents of Louis, yet, during the period that Clemens minister was in office, Madame Tussaud states, that he was by no means blind to the court, by whom he was designated, "a puritan minister," which signifies a respectable, powerful virtuoso, adhering to the court, equally with generally patronized his successor, and which many of the leaders had frequented of the pleasure of the "dominant" class."

As soon as the proceedings of the trial of the king had commenced, he was restricted from seeing his family, and on attending with his counsel, found the cases allowed them for drawing up his defence too few sufficient, and requested to have the aid of another who was younger and more active; Chateaubriand M. Deseze was chosen, and by consent of the chosen application he was enabled to have all to continue by the day stated.

The mode of communication between the king and his family; other they were separated, was managed with much ingenuity; a large fireplace with immovable for writing his defence, he was enabled to indicate the wants and his fidelity and fervor of all that transpired, whilst they printed with a pin the answers, which were conveyed by a variety of ingenious means; when by lowering them, and in a strong, from two nearly to another; sometimes they were enveloped in balls of thread and dropped under the table by the servants, so that the unfortunate prisoner had the unbearable satisfaction of imparting their mutual thoughts and wishes.

On the 26th of December, Louis was conveyed to the assembly to the coverage of the empire, being the day appointed to hear the defence of the unfortunate monarch; the man, or before, partially unknowing, and even, jeering about those having his hat on in the coverage. When arrived to the midst of the judges and assessors, and were, individually, one and the same person, he was so calm and collected as even Deseze fully perceived the choice which had been made by his friend; by the very particular manner in which he addressed the convention. Although his arguments repelled those addressed by the convention of royalty, yet he conducted them with so much calmness, that he avoided irritating the convention. In fact, not any thing that could in aid of doubt was omitted, which might have been serviceable to the devoted monarch; but, as he was prejudged by the majority of the members, all efforts to serve him proved unavailing. When his counsel had finished, Louis himself made a few remarks, which were delivered with the same firmness and calmness, and he upon a former occasion, when he replied to the interrogations which were addressed to him, by his judges.

As soon as he retired from the convention, a most tumultuous discussion ensued. Lanjuinais, in that most daring manner, condemned the whole proceedings against the king, and calling the indictment of the 10th of August convention, a fictious upon [illegible] with cries of "Order!" and "To the Abbaye!" Mr. Just spoke, and, although he had himself been connected with the king's guilt and dignified appearance, he continued the assembly and to be influenced by such a feeling, and placed the conduct of Louis in so treacherous a light, as to have a most powerful effect in propelling the minds of the assembly against the unhappy monarch. A counter feeling was then produced by a speech of Vergniaud's, which was a master piece of eloquence; yet a reply by Barrere, although possessing no claim to a comparison with regard to

[illegible]

Subscribing Blooming Sent.

[illegible]

THE QUEEN'S BALL.

[illegible]

NEW YORK.

[illegible]

Congressional Proceedings.

[illegible]

Pennsylvania Legislature.

[illegible]

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES.

[illegible]

CITY NEWS.

[illegible]

GENERAL NEWS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES.

NEW YORK.

CITY NEWS.

GENERAL NEWS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Ladies' Companion.

Guilt Discovered.

BY CLARINE S. OSBORN.

Young Love stole out of the maiden's heart
And boldly stood in the light confessed;
"Now pray, little imp! tell me what thou art?"
Cried the maiden, with wonder and fear possessed!

And the boy turned back, from his baby brow,
Its clusters of nice colored, curling hair,
And said, with an eloquent smile and look—
"I am Love, at your service, lady fair!"

"Love! Love?" quoth the maiden, with start and scorn,
While the glow on her cheek to her temple stole,
"What! Cupid! the vagrant—the thief! Do I dream?
How dared you steal into my vestal soul?"

"Nay! don't be peevish, lady!" he said,
"You, yourself, let me into it." "I, sir to-wit when?"
"In childhood, when 'mid the spring blossoms you plays"
"I was playing there too—have I offended since then?"

"I was fond of the flowers—I nestrock your young heart
For a rosebud half blown—and woman, so I flew.
Ah! when your mother came, Lady, could I depart,
From a home so o'ershaight with bloom, fragrance and dew?

No! no! for then pitching on any young flower,
And I free to cause—and to go when I chose,
I was far too well fed in that warm sunny bower,
So I'ts twittled 'till now, 'mid the leaves of the rose."

"Well fed!" sighed the maiden, "I feel what you mean,
And I have been morning this wicked young elf,
With tenderness and feelings—so pure and serene,
And innocent—took! I'm ashamed of myself!"

When the vagrant put his finger up in his blue eye,
And said, "maybe I cause back! You'll be happier
for!"
"Yes, child!" said the girl, "go to sleep and don't cry!
I can't do without you. Love, scratch to you stay!"

SUNSTAR MAHOMETAN CEREMONY.—At Constantinople, that grand ceremony was recently performed, called the khyrqusi sharyff, on which occasion the Sultan, accompanied by his chief officers of state, proceeded with great pomp to the old seraglio, for the purpose of uncovering the "holy black robe of the prophet"—khyrqusi sharyff—which is there deposited, in the sacred chamber, enveloped by forty coverings of the richest stuffs. After the act had been performed or displaying this venerable relic to the light of day, which took place between a very long and earnest form of prayer, his highness, and all who attended him, kissed the garment in succession, which was then plunged into a basin of water, and this consecrated element having been reverentially tasted, small vials were filled by the Kislar Agar, sealed with his own signet and sent to every one who assisted at the ceremony, as a preservative against cohesion of all kinds throughout the coming year.

ADVENTURE.—About half a league from Palos, on a solitary height overlooking the sea-coast, and surrounded by a forest of pine trees, there stood, and stands at the present day an ancient convent of Franciscan friars dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. A stranger travelling on foot, accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the guardian of the convent, Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son Diego. He was on his way to the neighboring town of Huelva, to seek a brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.

A STRANGE.—A gentleman in a neighboring town, remarkable for his shrewdness, had made repeated requests to the ostlerman, that a very bad place in the road near his house might be repaired, of which, however, they took no notice. One winter evening it happened, that as two of the ostlemen were passing, their carriage broke through the ice. The gentleman came to his door, and, observing the men up to their knees in snow and water, endeavoring to extricate their carriage, thus accosted them—"Ah! good morning, gentlemen!—I am very glad at length to see you stirring in the business."

PAY IN ADVANCE.—A Norman priest, many of whose parishioners had not made the most honorable exit of this world, insisted, when he was baptising one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, "Because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged."

MAKING THE BOARD WIDER.—A gentleman passing through Seven Oaks, in Kent, observed on a sign in the road the following lines, which on enquiry he found to be the offspring of the landlord's brain—

"I John Stubbs, treats here,
Sells good brandy, gin, and beer,
I make my parlor a hotel wider,
To let you some I sell good cider."

AN IRISH TELESCOPE.—Sir Frederick Flood was one day observing to a friend, that he had a most excellent telescope. "Do you see you church," said he, "about a mile off? it is hardly discernable—but when I look at it through my telescope, it brings it so close that I can hear the organs playing."

A RARE LEGACY.—A gentleman lately dead, has left by will a sum of five hundred guineas to his wife, adding a clause that she was not to have the benefit of it till after her death, in order that she might have wherewithal to be comfortably buried.

PLAIN DIRECTIONS.—"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

WHAT WAS WOMAN MADE FOR?
"For woman was made to bewitch—
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
A slave, or a tyrant, a blessing or curse—
For woman was made to be—what?"

PUNNING ON IMPOSSIBLE.—The Queen Maria Antoinette said to M. de Breteuil, "Baron I have a favor to ask of you." "Madame," replied he, "If the thing be possible, it is already done; if impossible, it shall be done."

A SHORT EPITAPH.—In Cheltenham churchyard, England, is the following epitaph on a child:

"If thou so early I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

NOT TO BE BELIEVED.
None of Tom's tales again I'll swallow—
Once he spoke the truth and duped me hollow.

TAILOR'S BILL.—Sir Walter Scott, alluding to the amount of a tailor's bill, on fitting out his son as a cavalry officer, says—"They say it takes nine tailors to make a man—apparently one is sufficient to ruin him."

A ROBBER.—A man planted his gun the other day instead of a wild plant which he had picked up in the woods and never discovered his mistake till it began to shoot.

SAGACITY.—The Egyptians never would permit the manufacture of sausages in their country, because they looked on dog-killing as one of the worst species of suicide.

WOMEN AND CATS.—Christopher North says, it is no wonder women love cats, for both are graceful, and both domestic—not to mention that they both scratch.

A SHREWD BOY.—"Boy, what is your name?" "Robert, sir." "But what is your other name?" "Bob."

A Travelling Sketch.

TRAINING THE ARKANSAS.—On our return travel from Santa Fe, Governor Lanigo gave us an escort of twenty-five Spanish soldiers, commanded by Tonciente, or Lieut. Hernandez. They were to see us as far as the Arkansas and then leave us to our fate. We travel by the Sonimona road, a shallow stream which affords to the trader the advantage of water, but not a stick of brush or timber grows upon its banks. In dry weather this want of wood presents no serious inconvenience to the traders, as the "buffalo chips" are found in abundance, and make excellent fuel; but when rain overtakes the travellers on this portion of the road means privation is the consequence. Our party suffered this privation only for about eighteen hours. A cold wind came on, accompanied with heavy rain, soon after we started upon our afternoon travel. Night demanded, and still the rain continued. We held on our course, for we had left the Sonimona in the morning, and there was no chance now of either wood or water until we could reach the Arkansas. We continued travelling in the dark until the mules began to give out, and we had completely lost the track. Endurance was our only resource, and we halted.

The Spaniards have a kind of fine sweet flour made of pounded corn, sugar, and stale crumbs, which they carry in bags to us upon such emergencies as the present. A little rain water was scooped up from hollows in the ground, and a cold porridge was soon made that was by no means unpalatable. We turned our animals loose and prepared ourselves to make the best of our situation. The Spanish soldiers kept guard during the night, and our only care was to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. We rolled ourselves in our buffalo robes, and after listening awhile to the dull moaning of the still night wind; the dash of the rain, at intervals swift and heavy, and again dying away; the quick challenge of the sentinels from one to the other, Quien vive? and the watchword in answer, Mejico: after listening to these sounds for a short time we fell into a profound slumber, and did not awake until the Spaniards, in the earliest light of morning, had again prepared for us the dish of cold porridge.

We soon resumed our travel, for to reach the Arkansas was now an imperative necessity. Four mules had died during the night from fatigue, want of water, and the cold during the night, and the poor dispirited beasts remaining could now scarcely crawl. After two hours travel we distinguished trees in the distance, and at eight o'clock A. M. we were camped on the banks of the Arkansas. We rested the remainder of the day, allowing the animals to graze and recruit, and the next morn after breakfast commenced fording the formidable river that crossed our path. Before starting, however, we had a little incident with a band of buffalo worth nothing. A large herd came to the opposite bank of the stream to drink, and a little wooded island interposing, our presence was not perceived. Our Spanish escort had with them a brass six pounder, which they levelled at the drinking herd, and blazed away. The ball passed over the island, skimmed the water, and plunged into the opposite bank in the very centre of the herd;—but none of the band were hurt, or if they were, they managed to get away, and that in such a hurry that in two moments not a buffalo was in sight.

We have had five wagons with ten mules to each. After choosing the most favorable place to cross, the mules, without much difficulty, were led into the water, dragging the lumbering wagons after them; and here was a scene for Hogarth. Some of the Spanish servants stripped off their clothing, and waded the stream with nothing on them but a cloth wound round their middles, in the common Indian mode. The wagons were drawn slowly through the water by the mules; the Spanish traders, folded closely in their blankets and mounted chiefly on mules, followed, driving their long iron spurs into the lazy animals, while the soldiers, who were now to leave us, remained upon the Mexican side of the river, waving their hats to us, and shouting A Dios, at the tops of their voices, as we arrived upon the opposite bank. We were now standing once more upon the soil of the United States. The Spaniards cast many a longing, lingering look behind at the land they were leaving, but our hearts were bounding with thoughts of home, and we cheered the Mexican, strangers with honesum do to the United States.

The Wild Horse.

The following picturesque and graphic description we take from the Orleans Picayune. It appears in a series entitled "Prairie Sketches."

We were water-bound at "Walnut Creek." The water was too high to admit of our crossing, and for the three days we had remained listless and idle on the banks of the stream. The fourth day came, and still the water continued rising; and as we could not proceed on our travel, three of us, weary of idleness, determined to start in pursuit of Buffalo. We discharged the old charges from our fire-arms, and, having carefully loaded again, we mounted and rode off. As yet we had seen but one buffalo, and that was an old bull, with flesh as tough as leather. We started at eight in the morning, and rode two hours and a half without seeing a thing that had life, except the innumerable mosquitoes, flies, and ground insects. We rode through beds of sun-flowers miles in extent, with their dark seedy centers and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows chase over them, as though they were things of sense and sentiment. These buds are sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sunflower.

About half past ten we discovered a creature in motion at an immense distance, and we instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' riding brought us near enough to discover by its fleetness it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erected head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We passed—for to pursue him with a view of catching him, was clearly impossible. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused; and now he seemed to be inspired with so great a curiosity as ourselves experienced; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, till we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils.

We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly, for the purpose of scanning him more nearly. We had not advanced far, however, before he moved away, and circling round, approached us on the other side. 'Twas a beautiful animal—a corral, with a jet black mane and tail! We could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs as he moved; and when, half playfully and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed to possess him.

Of all the brute creation the horse is the most admired by man. Combining beauty with usefulness, all countries and all ages yield it their admiration. But, though the finest specimen of its kind, a domestic horse will ever lack that magic and indescribable charm that hence hide a hale around the simple name of freedom. The wild horse, roving the prairie wilderness, knows no master—has never felt the whip—never cloyed in its teeth the bit to curb its native freedom, but gambols unmolested over its grassy home, where nature has given it a beautiful supply of provender. Lordly man has never set upon its back; the spur and the bridle are unknown to it; and when the Spaniard comes on his fleet trained steed, with lance in hand to remove him, he bounds away over the velvet carpet of the prairie, swift as the arrow from the Indian's bow, or even the lightning darting from the cloud. We might have shot him from where we stand, but had we been starving we would scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him,—but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head: he heard the shot and the whizz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant rolls, still seeming smaller, until he faded away in a speck on the far horizon's verge.

Just as he vanished we approached two dark spots on a hill about three miles distant. We knew them to be buffalo, and immediately set off in the pursuit.

A Good Hands.

In the endless variety of writing to be met with in this scribbling scrawling world, there seems to be some difference of opinion, or of taste as to what constitutes a good hand. When a fair lady sends a fair note and requests the pleasure of your company to tea on a given evening, that is doubtless a fair hand. When a man writes you that unless you pay that note he holds against you in 24 hours, he will send you to jail, that may be called a plain hand. When a gentleman sends you an exceeding polite note, only demanding the satisfaction of blowing out your brains, that is denominated an honorable hand. When a lady writes a billet doux with a quill plucked from the wing of Cupid and with such a fine delicate stroke as to be invisible except to the eyes of love, that is without doubt a lovely hand. The Lord's Prayer written in the compass of a half dime, is a very fine hand. A hand which is frequently placed at the bottom of a note "for value received," however coarse and vile it may appear, is a very promising hand. A hand which after writing a long, lean, soporific article, requests an editor to favor the public with the sublime squeezings of an empty noddle, is, to say the least, a very impudent hand. The gentleman, again, who writes to the same humble servant of the public on matters of any kind relating to a newspaper, and makes a point of forgetting the postage, by the unanimous opinion of the whole corps editorial, writes a most rascally hand.

Then besides these, there is the clean hand, and the sprawling hand, the round hand, and the sharp hand, the easy hand and the cramped hand, the heavy hand and the light hand, the running hand and the halting hand, the copy hand and the hand that a man can't copy, the business hand and the hand that has no business; then there is the cunning house hand, the legal and the clerical hand, and twenty other different hands, all of which may be good, bad or indifferent, as it happens. But when we receive a letter, post paid, and written thus, (though it be quail tracks and pot hooks:)—"*Enclosed are $2, for which you will be good enough to forward your paper to* PETER PAY-THE-CASH-DOWN."

This we consider to be positively a good hand.

Tasso.

As the Italian poet, Tasso, whose misfortunes were as great as his genius, was on one of his journeys between Rome and Naples, he fell into the hands of bandits, who immediately proceeded to plunder him and his fellow travellers. But no sooner did the captain of the band, the celebrated Marco Sciarra, of Abruzzi, hear the poet pronounce his name, than, with tokens of admiration and respect, he set him at liberty, nor would he even permit his followers to plunder Tasso's companions. A prince of Royal or imperial birth, confined the poet in a mad-house for more than seven years; the great and wealthy left him to a precarious life, which was often a life of absolute want; the servile men of letters of the day loaded him with abusive and most unjust criticism; but a mountain robber, by the road's side, controlled in his favor the very instinct of his gang, and kissed the hand of the author of the "Gerusalemme!"

An Incident.

The following passage occurs in the recently published memoirs of Mrs. Hemans:

"It was about this time that a circumstance occurred, by which Mrs. Hemans was greatly affected and impressed. A stranger one day called at her house, and begged earnestly to see her. She was then just recovering from one of her frequent illnesses, and was obliged to decline the visits of all but her immediate friends. The applicant was, therefore, told that she was unable to receive him; but he persisted in entreating for a few minutes' audience with such urgent importunity, that at last the point was conceded. The moment he was admitted, the gentleman (for such his manner and appearance declared him to be), explained in words and tones of the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation which he could not rest satisfied without avowing—that to her he owed, in the first instance, that faith and those hopes which were now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of the "Scaptic" he had been first awakened from the miserable delusions of infidelity, and indeed to "search the Scriptures." Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions in an eloquent, trellable gush of emotion, this strange but interesting visitant took his departure, leaving her overwhelmed with a mingled sense of joyful gratitude and wondering humility."

Dr. Channing on Poetry.

Poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its efficacy with wisdom pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unimpaired the enthusiasm which warmed the spring time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feeling, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith lay hold on the future life.

Leap Year.

The year 1840 is leap year, and as we have been requested by more than one lady to notice that fact, we, of course take pleasure in complying. 1840, then, is leap year, be it known to every body, old bachelors and young, old maids and minors. Young men take care, stay at home more than common, and don't be caught out in the evenings, or you'll be some other way far certain; it being a rule in the game we believe, that the gentleman, possessing the least spark of gallantry, dare refuse an offer under any circumstances. As for ourself don't know what we shall do if such a misfortune should happen to befall us. We asked a bachelor friend his opinion as to the matter! He only ejaculated *a-lass! a-lass!* Our fair readers will bear in mind, however, that we have no time to go to market, &c., until after the election of President, and until that time, if the knot is to be tied at all, we must merely go into "the Union for the sake of the Union."—*Steubenville Herr.*

WHAT IS THE MATTER?—"My Watch," says Sir A. S. Faulkner, in his Rambling Notes, "had stopped, and I took it to a maker to put it right. He armed his eye with a microscope, and continued to exhaust all my patience, for a considerable time, very sapiently occupied, as I thought, examining the machinery to discover the disorder. At length he said me he could do my watch no good unless he took it all to pieces; to which objecting, I carried it to another, who, a good deal to my surprise, discovered that I had only *forgotten to wind it up.*"

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Written on reading the writings (in MSS.) of S. A. P. a young lady who died, several years since, with an affecting account of her death by her mother.

He fell that thing; beneath the skies
Could yield no perfect bliss or peace—
That they were fitter for her trust!
She hoped for joy, for strength upon
The all sustaining Heavenly One—
The merciful and just!

She feared not death—she was resigned!
Calm was her true and virtuous mind,
And bright her thoughts, as Delaware's breast,
When every breeze has died away,
And the last light of parting day
Shines from the rosy West.

Then such a one there is on earth!
More noble, more supremely great!
To be like her—a virtuous one
Should be HER's first—HER's only aim!
"Pa before for these Omega's flame
Or on with that Omega wan.

She died while young. Consumption laid
His withering hand upon her head,
And marked her for the pauless tomb.
Her care had dimmed her being's sky,—
While youth's sweet light was in her eye,
And on her cheek its bloom.

And sweetly died that tender flower—
That angel in an earthly bower!
Her spirit fled, but wanted form,
As softly bright, as mildly gay,
As in a clear and summer day
When gaun are closed and storm.

Her friends all comfort her yet!
But chief do "memories kind and sweet"
Dwell in her mother's feeling breast.
Who ev'r will mourn her till she may
Meet her in bowers of deathless day
Among the only blest!

Bristol, 31 mo. 7th, 1840.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Twell to the grave of a friend.

It is evening: one of those delightful evenings, which in the pleasant valleys of New England, usher in the month of June. I have just returned from the village churchyard, a place to me rendered dear by many a hallowed association. It is five years since last I visited it, and oh, how changed! How many a tenant has taken up his abode in that silent mansion since last I was there! The cold marble tells of the unbroken rest of some loved companion of my early days, or some pleasant hearth, where I had spent many a happy hour, made desolate by the destroyer, Death. Ere I left the place I turned to seek a grave, which when last I looked upon it, stood apart from the general resting place. As I left it, even so I found it. It was the grave of one of the fairest of New England's fair daughters. I had known her from childhood to womanhood;—from her birth to the hour of her death. When a fearless child, she had accompanied me in my schoolday rambles, gathering here and there a wild-flower, or chasing the butterfly in its uncertain flight. As she ripened into womanhood, she was still my companion. And on many an evening like the present have we wandered forth to enjoy a passing hour and bestow some trifle on the needy. Under the guidance of her anxious mother she became the possessor of all those acquirements, which can add beauty to woman's character. Idolized by her friends and admired by all, she seemed destined to fill the highest place in the sphere allotted to her sex. Such was she when I left her father's hospitable mansion for a distant College. Disease had not yet fallen on that gentle form, and never were there brighter prospects for a young and lovely being. But a few months had passed by when a report reached me that Consumption had marked her for his victim. I treated it as an idle rumor for no mention had been made of it in her letters. It is true that at times her correspondence had evinced a degree of melancholy unusual to her. Yet I had attributed it to other causes than that of approaching dissolution. But what I deemed an idle rumor, proved too true. I received a letter from my guardian, speaking of a rapid change in the health of my cousin, and urging my immediate return. I was not long in obeying the summons. As I approached my native village, I heard the tolling of a funeral bell, and its melancholy sound told me that I came too late. When we drove past the church a funeral procession was leaving it. I saw the carriage of my guardian and knew that my worst fears were realised. I hastened to the churchyard. The last sod was being laid upon the grave that contained the remains of what was once so lovely. With bitter feelings I turned away and sought the wretched and heart-broken parents.

* * * * * But why dwell upon a theme so painful! Years since then have passed over my head. Other and dear connections have been formed, yet a visit to that grave has brought back, with all their force, the feelings of my early days, and with them, the bright semblance of the form of one who is now an inhabitant of a happier world. Peace to her name and peace to her memory. SIGMA.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Alice Benny; or, the Brother and Sister.

BY MRS. EMERY.

A friend livetth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity. Coutchaled.

"Elsie was just ten years old when she became totally blind, and it was indeed and to behold so young and fair a creature condemned to live in utter darkness. But her parents, even in the midst of their grief, never uttered a murmur. 'It is the Lord's will, let Him do what seemeth good in his sight,' was the exclamation dictated by their humble piety, and they strove to lighten their child's affliction by all the means that affection prompted. Maurice, who was now fourteen, was obliged to work on the farm, and of course had but little time to bestow on his unhappy sister; but the few hours that he could devote to her were employed in teaching her every thing in his power which might relieve the irksomeness of her life. He taught her to repeat ballads and hymns, and to treasure up in her memory all the useful knowledge she had previously acquired. He read the Bible to her, and assisted her to impress upon her mind the striking and beautiful passages of Scripture, the repetition of which served to beguile many a lonely hour. It was a great solace to Elsie, thus to be enabled to employ her thoughts as well as her hands. Knitting was her resource from idleness, but she needed something to divert her weary mind, and this was afforded by the care of her affectionate brother. Little busy, her sister, had learned to guide her steps, and by her aid Elsie was still enabled to water her plants and take care of her precious rose-bud. Her sense of touch and hearing seem acquired that acuteness which always distinguishes the blind, and it was not long before she could recognise her flowers by passing her hands over them, as readily as she once did by sight. It was the charge of Maurice to keep her garden free from weeds, to remove all the dead leaves, and, when winter came, to transfer the choicest flowers to a corner of their comfortable apartment.

"Patient, gentle, and grateful for every kindness, Elsie now passed her days in darkness, but not in gloom, for her heart was filled with the sunshine of peace. Not that she was insensible to her severe privations, for there were times when her tears flowed in secret, as she thought of the blue sky and green earth she was never more to behold; but she had learned submission to the will of Providence, and, in humble reliance upon her heavenly Father, she resigned herself quietly to her affliction.

"But Maurice had conceived a hope that his sister's blindness was not incurable. Unwilling, however, to subject her to disappointment, he determined to conceal his ideas until there should be some opportunity of testing their correctness. He observed a dim appearance, as if a film had gathered over Elsie's eyes, and he fancied that something might be done to remove it. Yet he dared not confide his hopes to any one, for he well knew that, even if success was certain, their poverty forbade the expense of a journey to the distant city of N. York, where alone he could hope to obtain proper surgical aid. Maurice pondered over the matter a long time. He was unwilling to increase the affliction of his parents by suggesting a probability which their straitened circumstances forbade them to trust, and he was therefore obliged to look to himself for the means of success. Various plans presented themselves to him, but all seemed to offer some insurmountable obstacle. At length it occurred to him, that if he could only obtain a small stock of goods, he would undertake the business of a peddler. The farmers, he many miles around, depended entirely upon the occasional visits of these travelling merchants, and Maurice knew that many complaints were made of their dilatory journeys, as well as of their unfair dealings. He therefore hoped, by honesty and attention, to obtain the trade of the neighborhood, and he only wanted the stock of goods. In this dilemma he applied to his friend the school-master, who had a brother settled as a merchant in a town about forty miles distant. Interested by the boy's fraternal affections, the good man offered him a letter of recommendation to his brother, which he thought would insure him either credit for a small supply of goods, or else employment as an agent. Maurice gladly accepted this essential aid, and having obtained his father's consent, but without confiding his secret motive, he prepared for his departure.

"At first, Elsie could not be reconciled to the idea of losing Maurice. She almost suspected him of having become unnecessary and selfish, when she found him so anxious to leave her merely to obtain money, and the thought cost her many bitter tears. But Maurice was determined not to disclose his purpose unless it seemed likely to be accomplished; he therefore contented himself with assuring her of his unfailing affection, while he hastened his arrangements for quitting her. It was not until after the harvest, however, that he was able to begin his journey. He found the merchant disposed to employ him as an agent, and as this obviated the necessity of running in debt, it was the preferable method. He offered Maurice a certain amount of profits, and giving him instructions respecting his proper course, intrusted him with a package of such goods as were most saleable among the farmers.

"It was with a joyful heart and buoyant spirits that Maurice set off upon his new business. He thought of his darling Elsie, and he felt confident that God would prosper his efforts in her behalf. His pleasant face and cheerful temper were of great service to him in his vocation, and few people could be churlish enough to resist his good-humored greeting. Many a good meal and comfortable lodging he owed to his frank and honest dealing; many a bright shilling did he gather up in his leathern purse, as his parcel daily grew less bulky. But sad and lonely were Elsie's hours during her brother's absence. Her parents were too much busied in other cares, to have much time to devote to her; and poor Sally, though always ready to guide poor Elsie's footsteps, was too young to afford her much solace by her presence. She missed the merry voice and bounding step of her beloved brother, and it required all her fortitude to be resigned during his absence. At the expiration of three months, Maurice returned. He had been very successful, and a second package, of still greater value, was now entrusted to him. Of course his stay at home was very short, and Elsie had scarcely begun to listen for his voice when she again lost its pleasant sound.

"For two years Maurice continued his toilsome journeys,—for two years Elsie mourned over his frequent absence from home, and pined in her darkness for the sunshine of his presence. Every thing that reminded her of him was precious; the book he was accustomed to read, the chair he used to occupy, the flowers he cultivated, all were objects of her especial regard. Her moss rose, however, was her chief favorite; and though she could no longer behold its beauty, she could inhale its fragrance, and cherish it for the sake of Maurice.

"It was the latter part of June, and the last bud was lingering upon her bush, when Maurice returned from his final journey. 'I have finished my task, Elsie,' cried he, as he caught her in his arms, 'I have gained money enough to carry us to New York.'

"'To New York! what do you mean, Maurice?' exclaimed the agitated girl.

"'Did you not suspect my purpose, sister?' said Maurice, as he drew forth his purse, and placed in her hand a roll of bank notes, 'they are for you, Elsie; all for you; we will now go to New York and try what the doctors can do for your poor eyes.'

"The idea of recovering her sight had never before occurred to the patient child. Hope, gratitude, and the remembrance of the wrong she had done him in thinking him mercenary, completely overpowered her, and she sunk half fainting on her brother's bosom.

"The preparations for their journey were made, and early in the autumn, Maurice and his blind sister set out for the metropolis, accompanied by the blessings of all who could appreciate patient endurance and disinterested affection. Travelling was not then as rapid as now, and Elsie was almost worn out with fatigue before they arrived at their destination. It happened that your father, Anna, was returning from a short distance, and in the coach, about two days' journey from the city, he met the brother and sister. His feelings were strongly interested in their favor, and finding them entire strangers in the place, he offered them a home in his own house, until they could learn the probable result of their visit. This happened when your eldest sister was a baby. I was some what surprised, when your father came home, to find him accompanied by a rustic looking boy and a blind girl; but my surprise was soon changed into kinder feelings, and my best efforts were exerted to contribute to their comfort.

"As soon as Elsie was sufficiently recovered from her fatigue, your father applied to a skilful surgeon, and after stating to him the particulars of their history, desired his opinion of her case. Carefully examining her eyes, Dr. —— pronounced the disease to be cataract, which in all probability could be immediately removed by a successful operation. The youth and gentleness of the patient, the frankness of her brother, combined with the tale of his self-devotion, were sufficient to enlist every one in their favor. The surgeon immediately offered to assemble a consultation of physicians, and perform the operation gratuitously. In the room in which we are now seated the doctors met. Elsie occupied an elevated place in the centre of the group, with your father supporting her head, her brother kneeling before her, holding her hands in his, and myself standing at her side with a bottle of salts. When I saw the glitter of the surgical instruments, I was weak enough to turn my head away, so that I saw nothing of the operation. But as the surgeon, with a rapid touch, operated first upon one eye, and then, with the quickness of lightning, touched the other, Elsie uttered a deep sigh, and fainted in your father's arms. Maurice, unable to utter a single word, looked imploringly in the Doctor's face.

"'It is all right, my good Maurice,' said Doctor ——. 'The excitement has overcome her strength for the moment, but after her eyes have been gradually accustomed to the light, she will see as well as you do.' 'Thank God! Thank God!' exclaimed Maurice, bursting into tears. All sympathised in his feelings, for I believe not one of us could repress a tear as the pale child was laid on her bed in a darkened chamber. 'Was it a dream?' exclaimed she, as she gradually recovered her consciousness, 'was it a dream, or did I indeed behold the light of heaven for one blessed moment? Alas! alas! it has already faded forever!'

"'No, my sweet sister,' exclaimed Maurice, God has mercifully restored to you the blessing of sight. Your eyes are darkened now, but not with the film of blindness; a few days more, and the light of heaven will once more bless your sight.'

"Elsie clasped her hands, and her lips moved as if in silent prayer, as Maurice kissed her forehead and turned away to hide his own emotions.

"Elsie's recovery was very slow. Excitement and fatigue had overcome her feeble frame, and when the bandage was removed, the first objects on which her eyes rested were the arrangements of her sick-chamber. But careful nursing finally restored her to perfect health, and she was at length permitted to leave her room. I shall never forget the first time she went out after her recovery. We entered a close carriage and drove out of town, in order to avoid the distracting number of objects which filled the streets of the city; but Elsie seemed wild with anxiety to behold every thing. Her placid gentleness seemed to have given place to almost frenzied restlessness, and it seemed impossible to satiate her eyes. Every moment she would clasp her hands and exclaim, 'O, I see—I do see—God be thanked!' In the midst of all this excitement, her gratitude to those who had contributed to her present happiness was unbounded. She would take my hand and pass it to her lips twenty times a day, while to your father her expressions were almost extravagant. Maurice seemed as happy as his sister, and his only grief arose from his incapacity to repay the obligations he had incurred.

"A subscription was raised among those who had been interested in their story; and when they were ready to return to their expectant parents, a purse of two hundred dollars was put into their hands. Early in the spring they bade us farewell, and the following June I received, by the hands of the merchant who had been their first friend, a letter from Maurice, and a box containing Elsie's favorite moss-rose-bush. 'It was the most precious thing she possessed,' Maurice said, 'and she begged me to keep it as a memorial of gratitude.' It was full of buds when it arrived, and I kept it in the box until it had done flowering, when I transferred it to the garden. The moss roses which you so often add to my pretty bouquets are from Elsie's bush."

"O, mother!" exclaimed Anna, "what a pity to have deprived her of it!"

"I could not return it to her without a risk of destroying it, but as soon as I could procure a root from it I sent it to her, in order that she might still preserve a portion of her brother's gift."

"What has become of Elsie now?"

"She is now the wife of a prosperous farmer in her native place, and Maurice is a thriving merchant in one of our northern cities. The parents have shared the prosperity of their children, and the whole family are now enjoying the blessing of competence.

"Thus you see that moss roses always recall one of the most interesting incidents in my life; and I never can see one without thinking of the patience and self-devoted affection of the brother and sister."

NEWS FOR THE FARMER.

From the Farmer's Companion.

On Stall-Feeding Cattle.

In the management of our cattle, as in the management of our crops, much is lost for want of system and regularity. The stall-feeding of neat cattle for the butcher is annually increasing, and promises to increase in interest, as we progress in the culture of roots. There is probably the difference of one third to one half, in the profits of the business, whether it is well or badly managed. Under this view of its importance, we extract from the "Farmer's Series" the following compendium of the management recommended in that work.

"The first point is the comfort of accommodation; for in whatever way they [cattle] may be placed—whether under sheds or in close houses—they should have the security of perfect shelter from the weather, with a certain degree of warmth; that is to say—if in open hamels, the sheds should be broad, the roof low, and the floor well covered with an abundance of dry litter. We are, however, decidedly of opinion, that close walls will further the object more promptly; though we do not coincide in the idea that it will be promoted by too much heat; and we should therefore recommend a moderate degree of healthful ventilation. In these stalls litter is very frequently dispensed with—or else sand, or any rubbish, is substituted for straw; but there can be no doubt that animals enjoy the comfort of a dry bed as well as their master, and the more they seek repose in it the better.

"The next is strict regularity in the administration of food—both as regards the stated quantity and the time of supplying it. The periods may be regulated as the feeder thinks proper; but, whenever adopted, should never afterward be altered. Oxen are quiet animals, and those which are fed in the house soon acquire a precise knowledge of the exact hour at which food is usually given; and if that be transgressed, or the quantity be not furnished, they become restless; but if the time and quantity be strictly adhered to, they remain tranquil until the next period of their feeding. If no disturbance takes place, they, indeed, generally lie down to ruminate, and nothing will be found to forward the process of fattening more than this perfect quietude; therefore, the stalls should not only be well bedded, but light should be very much excluded, the doors should be closed, all outward annoyances as far as possible prevented—and, in short, every means should be used to promote complete ease, rest, and contentment.

"Some persons scrape out food as often as five times a day; but the most prudent, and the better practice, is to give it as soon as possible after day-light, at noon, and some time before sunset; which enables the animals to fill their bellies, and to have sufficient time for that quiet digestion which is interrupted by too frequent feeding. In stating that the quantity should be moderate, we however alluded merely to the net allowing the animal to have so much as to cloy him; he ought always to have as much as he can fairly eat with a relish, but the moment he begins to tire it about, it will be then evident that the keenness of his appetite is satisfied, and it should be instantly removed.

"The last is thorough cleanliness. The house should be opened before day-light, and well cleansed, both by pail and broom, from every impurity. After the animals have been satisfied with food, whatever may remain should be instantly removed, and the cribs and mangers should be swept out, and washed, if necessary; water should then be given without limitation. If their hides be then wisped, it visibly occasions a very pleasurable sensation; as they begin to fatten, the ancient coat falls off, and if this be accelerated by the curry-comb, the better appearance of the beast will well repay the trouble."

Birds, Canker Worms.

I see it stated in your paper of Friday, that the probable reason why the canker worm consults small ravages in Fish, is found in the care with which the birds are protected. I was reminded of a remark in Peabody's Life of Wilson:—

"He enters into a deliberate calculation of the exact value of the services of the red-winged blackbird, which certainly bears so good reputation on the farm, showing that, allowing a single bird fifty insects a day, which would be short allowance, a single pair would consume 12,000 in four months, and if there are a million of pairs of these birds in the United States, the amount of insects is less by twelve thousand millions, than if the red-wing were exterminated." Let any person during the brooding season of robins or other birds, rise by break of day and count the number of times old ones return in one hour with worms and insects, or, if he can, let him count through the day, and the number will be found to be almost incredible. The practice of killing birds for mere amusement is not merely indicative of cruelty and want of feeling, but is exceedingly detrimental to the interests of the community.

And, now that I am upon the subject of insects and worms, let me add that there is a very unreasonable prejudice against toads. They are exceedingly valuable in gardens and other places, in consequence of the exterminating warfare they are constantly waging against bugs and worms. Any person who has them in his garden has a treasure there; and if he will watch them closely, he will find them accomplishing more in the way of preserving his squash and cucumber vines and other vegetables than he can do with all his troughs of liquid.—*Boston Courier.*

An eye to Number One.

Much has been said of the disposition evinced by some legislators to turn every action of their own to their personal advantage, instead of the benefit of their constituents. The following anecdote is a neat hit at the practice.

On One Occasion.—Some years ago, when the Legislature of one of the middle States were framing a new Constitution, the discussion of its various provisions was warm and obstinate. Many days had been spent in fiery debate, and the vote was at length about to be taken. Just at this moment, a country member who had been absent for some days previously, entered the House and took his seat. Another member, who was in favor of the amended Constitution, went to him and endeavored to make a convert of him.

"You must vote for the Constitution, by all means," said he.

"I'll think of it," said the country member.

"But you must make up your mind at once, man, for the vote is about to be taken."

The country member